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Newman's Conception of New Testament

ΥΠΟΚΡΙΣΙΣ

Readers of the Greek New Testament are apt to be puzzled by our Lord's use of the terms ὑπόκριτής and ὑπόκρισις as applied to the Pharisees and their mentality. Thayer's *Greek English Lexicon of the New Testament* offers but scanty information. It states that ὑπόκρισις means "the acting as a stage-player" and hence "disimulation, hypocrisy." A ὑπόκριτής is "a dissembler, pretender, hypocrite." Descriptions like these are true, but do not help us to get at the heart of our Lord's meaning. Zorell's *Lexicon Graecum* is a little more specific. "Cum histrionis vita plena sit actionum inter se pugnantium . . . , haud immerito ὑπόκριτής vocatur *is cuius sensa, dicta, facta inter se pugnant.*" The author adds that a "hypocrite" may act *sciens insincere or ignorans imprudenter*. It is of interest to see how Cardinal Newman develops the notions of ὑπόκρισις and ὑπόκριτής as employed in the New Testament.

In his sermons Newman addresses himself, not to downright sinners, but to persons habitually living in the grace of God. Their growth in holiness meets with a variety of obstacles, such as illusions, inconstancy, haste, scruples, human respect, and worldliness; but all these are according to Newman summed up in the one word Hypocrisy. What, then, is Newman's conception of hypocrisy? Let us first see what hypocrisy is not.

Newman does not use the term *hypocrite* in the sense commonly employed nowadays, namely, as "a hateful, despicable character," as "one who uses a profession of religion as a mere instrument of gaining his worldly ends, or who wishes to deceive men into thinking that he is what he is not," or as "one who makes a profession of religion for secret ends, without practicing what he professes; who is malevolent, covetous, or profligate, while he assumes an outward sanctity in his words and conduct, and who does so deliberately and without remorse, deceiving others, *and not at all self-deceived.*" He adds: "I will not deny that in some ages, nay, in all ages, a few such men have existed. But this is not what our Saviour seems to have meant by a hypocrite,—this is not exactly its Scripture meaning,—nor were the Pharisees such." Consequently, Newman does not under the term *hypocrite* include 1) those who deceive others, *while not deceiving themselves*, by a religious profession: for secret ends, for a bad motive, or even for mere worldly ends. 2) Nor does he include such as try to avoid inconsistency. "No one is to be reckoned a Phar-

isee or hypocrite who tries not to be one,—who aims at knowing and correcting himself."

What, then, does Newman take to be the biblical conception of *hypocrite* and *hypocrisy*?

1. Hypocrisy is the deceiving of self and others. "This is hypocrisy; not simply for a man to deceive others, knowing all the while that he is deceiving them, but to deceive himself and others at the same time, to aim at their praise by a religious profession, without perceiving that he loves their praise more than the praise of God, and that he is professing far more than he practices."

2. Hypocrisy is deceit towards God, and at the same time deceit towards self. "A hypocrite is one who professes to be serving God faithfully, while he serves Him in only some part of his duty, not in all parts . . . A person who would (if I may use the words) deceive God; one who, though his heart would tell him, were he honest with it, that he is not serving God perfectly, yet will not ask his heart, will not listen to it, trifles with his conscience, is determined to believe that he is religious, and (as if to strengthen himself in his own false persuasion, and from a variety of mixed motives difficult to analyze) protests his sincerity and innocence before God, appeals to God, and thus claims as his own the reward of innocence."

3. Hypocrisy is deceit towards self, an endeavor to force oneself into a religious frame of mind without due preparation. "Hypocrisy is the grossness, coarseness, presumption, hollowness which we see around us; that state of mind in which the reason, seeing what we should be, and the conscience enjoining it, and the heart being unequal to it, some or other pretence is set up, by way of compromise, that men may say, 'Peace, peace, when there is no peace.'"

4. Hypocrisy is at once deceit towards self, towards God, and towards others. It is duplicity, that is, having two ends, and yet trying to harmonize these ends, to justify or to hide this duplicity. It is the lack of "an honest, unaffected desire of doing right . . ." It is to have "a double mind, a pursuing other ends besides the truth, and in consequence an inconsistency in conduct, and a half-consciousness (to say the least) of inconsistency, and a feeling of the necessity of defending oneself to oneself, and to God, and to the world."

It appears from these descriptions

a) that hypocrisy is a fault of (or an obstacle for) those who are striving to be religious; who think themselves religious, or who wish to be known as religious.

This is the most important element in Newman's conception of hypocrisy;

b) that hypocrisy is deceit of and towards others, and deceit towards God, but that, included in this, there is *always* self-deceit. When there is no deceit of self, there is no hypocrisy in Newman's sense.

On the other hand, this deceit is due to the desire to hide "other ends," to hide "a reserve," so that these other ends and this reserve really constitute the root of hypocrisy. Newman's conception of hypocrisy, therefore, has two aspects.

I. Hypocrisy is duplicity or lack of simplicity.

A lack of simplicity, the having of two ends, God and self. The hypocrite, while not wishing to be separated from God, while even trying to serve Him earnestly, will not give up entirely his old self. Self-seeking is the *ultima ratio* of hypocrisy. "There are in the estimation of double-minded men two parties, God and self. They wish in some way or other to be by themselves, to have a home, a chamber, a tribunal, a throne, a self where God is not, a home within them which is not a temple, a chamber which is not a confessional, a tribunal without a judge, a throne without a king;—that self may be king and judge; and that the Creator may rather be dealt with and approached as though a second party, instead of His being that true and better self, of which self itself should be but an instrument and minister." "It is this principle of self-seeking, so to express myself, this influence of self upon us, which is our ruin."

As hypocrites, we dare not surrender ourselves without reserve to God; we dare not come to Him, we dare not put ourselves into His hands, lest He make us what we do not care to be. We fear to be holy, for to become holy is to change, and we cannot bear to change. We fear the efforts which a change involves, which the doing of our full duty demands of us. "We sit coldly and sluggishly at home; we fold our hands and cry 'a little more slumber'; we shut our eyes, we cannot see things afar off, we cannot 'see the land which is very far off'; we do not understand that Christ calls us after Him; we do not hear the voice of his heralds in the wilderness; we have not the heart to go forth to Him who multiplies the loaves, and feeds us by every word of His mouth. Other children of Adam have before now done in His strength what we put aside. We fear to be too holy. We fear to cast in our lot with the Saints." Or, again, we desire and wait for a thing impossible,—"to be changed once and for all, all at once, by some great excitement from without, or some great event, or some special season; something or other we go on expecting, which is to change us without our having the trouble to change ourselves. We covet some miraculous warning, or we complain that we are not in happier circumstances, that we have so many cares, or so few religious privileges; or we look forward for a time when religion will come easy to us as a matter of course."

On the other hand, we are unwilling to be changed. There is on our part "an unwillingness to suffer Almighty God to change us. We do not like to let go our

old selves; and in whole or part, though all is offered to us freely, we cling to our old selves. . . . Much as we profess in general terms to wish to be changed, when it comes to the point, when particular instances of change are presented to us, we shrink from them." "It is hard to put one's self into God's hands." We are like persons who perhaps have never fallen into gross sin, and yet "live a life of ease and indolence, as far as they can,—or at least, who, far from setting the glory of God before them, as the end of their being, live for themselves, not to God. And what especially lulls their consciences in so doing, is the circumstance that they have never sinned grossly (or are not sinning grossly); forgetting that a mirror is by nothing more commonly dimmed than by the small and gradual accumulations of daily impurities, and that souls may silently be overspread and choked up with mere dust, till they reflect back no portion of the heavenly truths which should possess them."

II. But besides being duplicity, hypocrisy is "being blind" to this double-mindedness, to this reserve, or the endeavor to hide it. As such, hypocrisy is insincerity, it is deceit, inconsistency, pretense, unreality, unnaturalness in its various forms. But, it may be well to repeat, hypocrisy is always *self-deceit*, even when it is also deceit towards others and towards God. This is the special aspect that characterizes hypocrisy in Newman's view. Where there is no self-deceit, there is no hypocrisy in the sense in which he explains the Scripture term.

The quotations given above are almost entirely from the Cardinal's Parochial and Plain Sermons.

Kirkwood, Mo.

WILLIAM R. LAMM, S. M.

Book Review

Cumulative Sentence Building in Latin Historical Narrative, by Mignonette Spilman. *University of California Publications in Classical Philology*, Vol. XI, No. 7, pp. 153-247. University of California Press, Berkeley, 1932. \$1.00.

The well-known attitude of the modern high school student toward Caesar is based mainly on that author's fondness for indirect discourse. Yet there is plenty of straightforward narrative in Caesar which tells a good story and tells it well. In the study under review, Miss Spilman, enlarging on a former paper, "Learning to Read in the Latin Order" (*Classical Journal*, 24, 323-337), analyzes Caesar's art of story-telling and shows that it lies in his skilful manipulation of "forward moving units"—clauses either grammatically dependent or independent, each of which advances the story one step. Thus an effect of rapidity is gained, and we feel that even in Caesar "le style est l'homme même."

Departing from traditional terminology, Miss Spilman calls these forward moving units "main *cola*," even when they are grammatically dependent; but since they carry the story forward, just as well as independent clauses would do, the new terminology seems justified. The examples are taken largely from Caesar, but Livy, Sallust, Tacitus, Nepos, and Suetonius are not neglected. The value of this work for the teacher of Latin may be

gathered from the following quotations, taken from the concluding chapter. "With a range of forms like this (the various types of clause) at the disposal of a writer for the expression of a single more or less precisely defined order of thought, opportunity is presented for no little variety in sentence architecture." "From this survey . . . it seems obvious that a recognition of the logically cumulative aspect of Latin narrative expression is of service for the ready comprehension of its thought and an adequate interpretation of its significance and movement."

G. C. P.

If I have ever brought any vital force for myself and others to the study of the classics, it has been through the belief cherished from early manhood in the correlation of all the various departments of study.—*Gildersleeve*

De Ripio Vinkelio VII

Maxime vero insolitum illud Ripio videbatur, quod hi homines, etsi manifesto sese oblectabant, tamen maximo silentio vultus severissimos prae se ferebant, maestissimi scilicet omnium, quotquot genio ille indulgentes unquam viderat: quietis locus et tranquillitatis plenissimus erat, nisi quod globorum ligneorum, qui volvebantur, strepitum iuga montium tamquam fragorem tonitruum referebant.

Simil atque Ripius cum comite ad ludentium catervam propius accessit, illi subito ludo desistere, tamque fixam obtusamque oculorum aciem, ora tam insueta, agrestia, omni nitore carentia in eum convertere, ut animo deficere et genibus tremere inciperet. Tum comes, liquore a cupa in magnas lagoenas infuso, Ripio, ut catervae ministraret, manu significat. Qui cum pavidis ac manu tremebunda paruissest, illi, potionie summo silentio hausta, ad ludum revertuntur.

Formidine vero ac timore paulatim abieictis, Ripius nullo instanti ipse potionem gustare ausus est. Quam cum optimi (vini) Batavi sapore simillimam offendisset, ut erat natura siticulosus, ad iterando haustus cito affectus, toties ad lagoenam rediit, potu potum invitante, ut postremo sensibus oppressis, oculis natantibus, capite in pectus delabente, in artissimum somnum incideret.

E quo experrectus, simul atque oculos digitis fricavit, in eodem tumulo viridi se esse comperit, unde senem illum e convalle ascendentem primo aspexerat. Erat tempus matutinum, tempestas clara et serena; aves in fruticibus ultra citroque volitantes pipilabant; aquilae sublimes purum aëra pervolantes supra montes in orbem circumferabantur. Tum Ripius, quidnam rei esset, cum animo suo reputans, "Profecto," inquit "non hic ego quidem totam noctem dormivi." Deinde earum rerum memoriam repetens, quae ei antequam obdormiret continguerant, peregrinum videbat illum senem cupam liquoris plenam baulantem, montium fauces, agrestem inter rupes recessum, maestam ludentium catervam, lagoenam denique, "Heu," inquit, "improbam lagoenam! Quo tandem modo me dominae Vinkeliae purgatus sum!"

Deinde circumspectiens ballistam quaerit; sed pro venabulo nitente ac bene inuncto, veterrum scelopetum, fistula ferrugine obducta, claustris delabentibus, ligno carioso invenit. Quibus rebus permotus, suspicari coepit, severos illos commissatores, quos in monte deprehenderat, sibi liquoris pleno, ablata ballista illusisse. Lopus quoque aberat; quem sciros fortasse vel perdices insequentem vagari ratus, sibilo ac nomine inclamat; sed frustra; nam nomen ac sibilus voci respondent, canis non comparat.

Omaha, Nebraska

B. DAMILANO, S. J.

Lucretius: Philosopher or Poet?

Lucretius the philosopher is at great pains in his poem to prove up to the hilt every minute point of the Epicurean system. In doing so he calls into play all the ingenuity and keenness of the human mind. Yet, we are bored by all this dry speculation, which he is so palpably eager we should recognize as the very truth that will set man free. We might say of him what Chesterton said of Macaulay: "His reason was entirely one-sided and fanatical. It was his imagination that was well-balanced and broad." As a thinker, we class Lucretius with that great number of earnest but misguided philosophers, the ruins of whose systems lie strewn along the path of human progress through the ages. But as a poet we rightly regard him as great.

One who has the power of feeling the truth, as it were, by intuition, is called a seer; for, apparently without any intermediate steps of reasoning, he arrives at the truth; and we, when we read his words, are led to exclaim by a similar kind of intuition: "Yes, that is eminently true!" The philosopher Lucretius is painfully laboring some disputed point of doctrine, when suddenly the poet comes to the aid of the argument with some striking imaginative illustration. There occurs, so to speak, a momentary sublimation of the powers of the man, a flight of the mind beyond the merely temporal and tangible to the sphere of universal, transcendental truth.

Who does not feel the depth of vision and emotion in such phrases as *extra flammantia moenia mundi*, or *clamoreque montes icti reiectant voces ad sidera mundi*? Leaving aside the magnificent imagination revealed in these words, we may consider what seems even greater in them. The key-word in both cases is *mundi*. The poet is writing about some physical fact or other, when, of a sudden, the tremendousness of all this universe seems to dawn on him like a revelation. With almost frantic abandon he tries, as it were, to throw himself into, and pierce the depths of that great beyond, that infinite world of mystery that man feels surrounds him. The most he can do is feebly to utter the word *mundi*, a word that holds for him more truth and more reality than he can ever fully express.

It is in such places as these—and their number is very great—that the poet far outdistances the philosopher. The philosopher creeps along the ground in a dull, dreary, narrow way; but the poet soars into the rare heights of mystic contemplation. Really, compared with his poetic sense, Lucretius' philosophy should have appeared exceedingly paltry to him.

Florissant, Mo.

WILLIAM M. KEGEL, S. J.

If nothing moves in the world but what is Greek, it is almost true to say that nothing stands but what is Roman. Combine the two and you have the strength of Rome without its hardness, the glory of Greece without its instability, and (what is important for education) you have perfect models of two sides of human nature.—R. W. Livingstone

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Editorial

The recent death of Robert Seymour Conway, late Hulme Professor of Latin in Victoria College, Manchester, has deprived the classical world of an eminent scholar. Professor Conway held a prominent place in various institutions and academies of learning. In the United States he was well known as a visiting lecturer. Thus during 1930-1931 he was Charles Eliot Norton Lecturer to the Archaeological Institute of America. It was during the travels consequent upon that appointment that many Saint Louisans had the good fortune to hear his Vergilian lecture at the Jefferson Memorial on the night of January 9, 1931, under the auspices of the Saint Louis Society of the Institute. Professor Conway combined with rare success the linguistic, the palaeographical, and the purely literary and interpretative interests in classical studies. His numerous publications included extensive work in the Italic dialects. In conjunction with Professor C. F. Walters he has been engaged in the editing of Livy in the *Scriptorum Classicorum Bibliotheca Oxoniensis*. His wide humanitarian attitude is well exemplified by those words in his *Harvard Lectures on the Vergilian Age* with which he interprets a much mooted incident in the sixth book of the *Aeneid*: "If the Golden Bough was not connected in Vergil's mind with the strength of natural affection, with the ties between father and son, between son and mother, between friend and friend, then it was at least a most happy accident that, in his story, linked such motives so closely to so beautiful an image. And in great poets accidents rarely happen." Of his passing we may truly say with Horace: *Multis ille bonis fletibus occidit.*

It is heartening to hear that Greek has been reinstated in second high for honor students at Campion. The

example but lately set by Xavier High, Cincinnati, is evidently bearing fruit. Not many years ago the Missouri Province Classical Association repeatedly recommended this return to our traditional practice. The fact that not all, but only honor students are being admitted to such classes is all to the good. We wish the movement every possible success. What school will follow next?

In connection with an article that recently appeared in this BULLETIN, a correspondent writes to call our attention to the unusually full and accurate treatment given to the whole matter of Sequence of Tenses in Latin in the second edition of Father Bunse's grammar (*A Latin Grammar*, by Frederick Bunse, S.J., Buffalo, C. J. Weber, 1908), Nos. 333, and 607 to 624. The subject is here treated with much more completeness than it is in any other school grammar we know of, and sequence in indicative clauses, cases of congruent action, and many other special points are admirably handled. Father Bunse's grammar was, we believe, printed only for private circulation. But those who are fortunate enough to possess a copy of the complete work—called the *second edition*,—will find it extremely helpful on many difficult points of syntax.

The greatest single gift in Education is to infect the average man with the spirit of the Humanities.—Sir William Osler

Juvenal's "Rome" and Johnson's "London"

It is an ambitious task to attempt a translation or imitation of Juvenal. The difficulty becomes clear when we consider the failure of able poets and classicists even to approximate his force and vigor. Johnson, Dryden, Cowley, Oldham, Boileau, and a host of others, have striven to reproduce that biting sarcasm, that withering scorn, but all without exception have fallen short of their brilliant original. Juvenal has yet to find someone to do for him what Conington has done for Virgil and Cotterill for Homer. Swift might have succeeded, if, according to Chesterton's paradox, he had had a little more love for the world and a little less love for himself. Voltaire might have succeeded, if his commonsense had equaled his bitter, unrelenting hatred. The author of the "Letters of Junius" might have succeeded, if he had been less the politician and more the critic of society. But these all lacked that rare combination of literary skill, human sympathy, deep understanding, and fierce indignation, without which Satire is either an ineffectual snarling at abuses, or wishy-washy moralizing, quite as likely to drive men to vice as to repel them from it. It seems that modern genius does not run to effective criticism, and even in our own day we feel there is a large measure of truth in Quintilian's boast: *Satura tota nostra est.*

Now of all the imitators of Juvenal, Dr. Johnson is probably the most successful. He describes his method as "a kind of middle composition between translation and original design which pleases when the thoughts are unexpectedly applicable and the parallels lucky." John-

son attempted twice to reproduce Juvenal. His "London" follows with more or less faithfulness the Third Satire, and his "Vanity of Human Wishes" is a good paraphrase of the Tenth. We have chosen to compare the first two poems because they are less diffuse and deal with subjects more suitable for satiric treatment.

Rome in Juvenal's day certainly cried aloud for a satirist;

For when could satire boast so fair a field,
And when did Vice a richer harvest yield?
When did fell avarice so engross the mind,
Or when the lust of play so curse mankind?

Rome had long since ceased to be merely the large capital of a growing state. Under the Emperors it had become the Mecca of needy adventurers and the cesspool which sucked in the scum of society from the four corners of the earth. Lying, gambling, theft, avarice, and immorality were rampant. Criminals flocked to Rome, Juvenal says, as to "a happy hunting ground." There was no middle class in the city, and the Roman mob, more concerned with "bread and the Circus" than with praetors and tribunes, had long ago given up all interest in politics and the advancement of the State.

For since their votes have been no longer bought,
All public care has vanished from their thought.

Quid Romae faciam? the poet asks indignantly; *Mentiri nescio. . . Artibus honestis nullus in urbe locus.*"

Rome was also the "cruel city of a thousand dangers." Falling houses, fires, poisoners, cut-purses and cut-throats awaited the trembling citizen at every turn. In two very amusing passages, which, though rather long, are worth quoting, Juvenal dwells on the dangers of walking the streets alone. The poor pedestrian, he says, who has business in town, sets off to take care of it, but no matter how fast he tries to hurry through the streets, he finds himself blocked by a surging crowd in front and shoved by a wild mob behind. "One fellow digs an elbow into my ribs," he complains, "another a sedan-pole; one bangs a beam, another a wine cask, against my head. My legs are plastered with mud; huge feet trample on me on every side, and a burly soldier plants his hob-nail firmly on my toe." Newly patched tunics are torn in shreds. Huge logs sway ominously, high above the heads of the pedestrians, and wagon-loads of Ligurian marble threaten instant death to the populace. America's Fifth Avenues and Michigan Boulevards would seem as safe as country lanes, compared with the thronging thoroughfares of ancient Rome.

The dangers of the night are no less graphically described. If a man ventures forth after dark, he may expect *tot fata quot vigiles fenestrae*, and ought to count himself lucky if he gets the contents of a slop-bucket on his head, rather than the bucket itself, hurled from some third-floor window above. The drunken bully who has passed the whole day without killing a man, lies in wait for the wayfarer, as he returns home escorted only by the light of the moon. "Hear how the wretched fray begins—if fray it can be called, when you do all the thrashing and I get all the blows! The fellow stands

up against me and bids me stop; obey I must. What else can I do when attacked by a madman twice as strong as myself? 'Where do you come from?' he shouts. 'With whose vinegar and beans have you bloated your stomach? With what shoe-maker have you been stuffing chopped leeks and boiled sheepshead?—What—you won't answer me?—Speak, or take that on your shins!' Whether you stop and meekly answer or try to slink away, it's all the same: he wallops you first and then hales you into court for assault and battery." It would be hard to find more graphic pen-pictures than these. They give us a view of Roman life which we could hardly get from any other Latin writer.

London in the Eighteenth Century was hardly a less fit subject for the satirist. Though vice in Johnson's day was not paraded so openly as in Juvenal's, still it was quite as common and not a whit less culpable for being practiced in secret. It was certainly more deserving of censure amongst a people who had long enjoyed the uplifting influence of Christianity. In 1785 Cowper could write:

Our London is, by taste and wealth, proclaimed
The fairest capital of all the world,
By riot and incontinence, the worst.

A peep into Turberville's interesting book, "English Men and Manners in the Eighteenth Century," shows us the justice of this charge. Religion was stiff and utterly barren of any fruit in the lives of the people, the stage was still infected with the coarseness of the Restoration drama, the government was unpopular, inefficient and corrupt. "Drinking and gaming," Turberville says, "were the prevalent vices of the century." We find a modern counterpart of Juvenal's bully in the drunken bands of Mohocks, whose practice it was to sally forth into the streets at night, chase honest citizens through the town, roll reputable women about in barrels and, with their swords, slash the faces of all who were so unfortunate as to fall in with them. In place of gladiatorial combats, London had brutal bull-baiting and cock-fighting. Turberville reprints a contemporary handbill in which is advertised for "Gentlemen and Gamesters—a Match fought by four dogs and a Mad Bull let loose to be baited, with fireworks all over him and dogs after him." Cruel and brutal, too, was the age's treatment of its poor, insane, and criminal. While the wealthy Lords battened on the riches of Indian Nabobs, the poor died of hunger and neglect in their miserable tenements or, driven to crime by desperation, were brought to the gallows for the theft of a few pence. Here, truly, were abuses for the satirist to attack with all the severity of which he was capable. If Johnson failed to reproduce the tremendous power of Juvenal's satire, it was not through want of subject matter.

The great difference, of course, between Juvenal and Johnson is that the former is a born satirist and the latter is not. Satire must be neat, concise, energetic, and concrete. It must be unsparing, impartial, and, above all else, sincere. Now while Johnson has some of these qualities, Juvenal has them all. Johnson makes his "little fishes talk like whales," and often says in a

couplet what Juvenal says in a word. Johnson is abstract, sluggish, and indefinite; Juvenal is the most concrete of writers, painting pictures which have all the spirit and life of an etching of Hogarth's. Johnson's blows fall ponderously and often without effect; Juvenal's have the speed and crushing force of a trip-hammer. But perhaps the greatest reason for Johnson's failure in this particular poem is to be found in the fact that, except when speaking of poverty and suffering, he did not write with sincerity and conviction. The Third Satire of Juvenal is a development of the thesis that

God made the country and man made the town;

and very bad men they were in his day, Juvenal would have us know. He declares that for him *dificile est saturam non scribere*. The iniquity which he saw all about him forced him to cry:

Si natura negat, facit indignatio versum.

Thus, while Juvenal wrote because his sense of justice and right forced him to do so, Johnson, we fear very much, *gestit nummum in loculos demittere*. His struggle with poverty in Grub Street is well known, and when he submitted the manuscript of "London" to the publisher, he sent along with it an appeal for funds, which he signed, as he signed so many other letters: "Yours *impransus*." Besides this he had a natural sympathy for town life, while his opinions of country people were never very flattering. Boswell records a conversation in which the Doctor "with a great deal of puffing said: 'No Sir, when a man is tired of London, he is tired of life, for there is in London all that life can afford.'" So far was he from feeling the truth of what he wrote, that he remarked afterwards that it was "no true picture of modern life, though it might have been true at Rome."

It is no wonder, then, that there is such a difference in the merits of the two poems. Juvenal's whole genius ran to satire. His insight into the evils of his day was keen and critical, his power of fierce denunciation has never been surpassed, and, finally, he wrote with a burning sense of great wrongs which had to be righted. Johnson, on the contrary, was by nature a good moralist, whom circumstances forced to have a try at satire. His heart was not in the work, and his inflated style did not lend itself readily to the concise phrasing and vivid illustration which are indispensable to this kind of writing. Though we may admire his imitation for a few "lucky parallels" and "thoughts unexpectedly applicable," still when we put it aside and pick up Juvenal's poem, we say of the great Roman satirist with renewed appreciation:

Nil magis generatur ipso,
nece viget quicquam simile aut secundum.

St. Louis, Mo.

WILLIAM LE SAINT, S. J.

Wer fremde Sprachen nicht kennt, weisz nichts von seiner eigenen.—*Goethe*

Sense-Lines—An Aid to Vocal Reading of Latin

The use of sense-lines in the teaching of Latin has been previously advocated in the BULLETIN¹ as an effective aid for high-school students trying to master Caesar or Cicero. As the term "sense-line" implies, the aid thus given the student is primarily intellectual, and has to do with the sense or thought of the Latin writer. It was the contention of the articles referred to above that the sense-line method of reading, also conveniently called the "colometric" method,² does its work by the aid it renders to the student's eye. Results obtained by teachers using the method amply confirm this contention.

It would indeed be surprising had there been no fair results. Sense-lines present a Latin sentence or period not *en bloc*, as our modern style of printing does, but piecemeal and broken up into thought-units, each unit receiving a whole line for itself. Thus unit after unit strikes the student's eye just as it came from the ancient speaker or was penned by the ancient writer, and was therefore mastered by the ancient reader or hearer. In reading Latin prose the modern student is handicapped in various ways, but he is evidently put on a more equal footing with the original hearers or readers, if his Latin is doled out to him in sense-lines. Provided he knows the necessary vocabulary, the sense-line arrangement will carry him through a given passage step by step and greatly facilitate its understanding. Looking at a colometrized passage, no matter how bulky it may seem, he need not be frightened nor ask himself: "Where is that predicate? Oh, there it is—five lines down!" The old Romans did not have to search anxiously for subject, predicate, or object, but could afford to wait for each part of the sentence to appear *suo tempore*; and in the meantime they managed to understand. It is true that our modern student may have to re-read his sense-lines, perhaps several times over, for Latin was not taught him in the cradle, and miracles do not happen in the classroom. Yet he has this advantage in using a colometrized text: the various groups of words necessarily needed for making sense are, through his very eye, flashed upon his mind without more ado, and, therefore, more quickly grasped than, for example, by the analytic method of reading.

But we should be making a serious mistake—a mistake not less serious because it is frequently made in the classroom—if we thought that we teach Latin prose successfully when we merely succeed in getting it *understood* by the student. Thought alone, we know, never makes a classic. Besides thought, there must be effective expression. The ancients were not content with *doceere*; they also wanted *delectare* and even *moveare*. It is the same in the use of English: express your thought poorly, or only indifferently, and no matter how important your message may be, your audience will turn out poor or indifferent listeners, if indeed they remain to listen.

Moreover, ancient audiences were on the whole critical. Cicero,³ Quintilian, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, and St. Augustine, to name only a few, tell us how wide-awake very ordinary audiences could be. For instance,

even the ἄπονος ὅχλος, the "illiterate crowd," could be shocked by the least mistake in pronunciation or accent, and appreciated the finest shades of prose rhythm.⁴ Dionysius accounts for this fact by saying that "there is a touch of inborn affinity in all of us for beauty of melody and beauty of rhythm." Cicero, a master in the art of pleasing the ear, did not hesitate to abide by the verdict⁵ of the *vulgus imperitorum* in certain matters of rhetorical technique. Prof. Moore says without any qualification: "Greek and Roman hearers demanded harmony and finish, and their ears were extremely sensitive."⁶ Quintilian warns us that "nothing can penetrate to the emotions that stumble at the portals of the ear."⁷ All this merely shows that ancient speakers or writers were bent on artistic expression. Word-order, skilful structure, and well-wrought figures of speech were matters of common knowledge. Every Roman boy got his fill of them in the grammar school. Above all, a speaker or writer knew that attention to all possible rhetorical formalities was not enough for success, unless he also attended to his delivery, to his audience, and its judgment.

The word "audience" is here stressed designedly. Not only speeches and plays, but books, too, had their audiences. Books were scarce and costly, so that most people depended for their knowledge of literature on their ears. Even private reading was usually done aloud. Thus a book was not, as a rule, read in our sense of the word, but rather *delivered* by the reader himself. St. Augustine, for instance, was startled when he called on St. Ambrose and found him engaged in silent reading.⁸

To sum up: ancient writers wrote primarily to be heard. Throughout antiquity the great vehicle of knowledge was oral delivery, and not, as in modern times, silent reading. We are apt to forget this fundamental difference when we handle our neatly printed editions of the classics. We forget that "it is of capital importance to remember that in testing beauty of form the Greeks submitted the written word, prose and verse alike, to the immediate judgment of the ear. The language in which the later Greek critics speak of the harmonies of prose composition might, by a modern reader, be suspected of some unreality. But the truth is that the power of sound, the rhythm and music of the spoken word was felt by the Greeks in a degree we cannot readily comprehend."⁹ And much the same is true of the Romans. As the pen is mightier than the sword, so, they knew, the voice is mightier than the pen; for the voice is a thing of life. Besides purity of diction (the *latine loqui* or the ἐλληνίζειν), the human voice conveys euphony, prose rhythm, sentence structure, figures of speech, and all that is included under the term *Rhetoric*.

Now, then, if it be true that rhetoric is intimately bound up with *sound*, it is easy to see the value of sense-lines in aiding *vocal* reading. Sense-lines are primarily a visual aid, because they make structure and figures of speech stand out in bold relief; but by the very aid they render to the eye, they enable us the better to capture the spirit of a passage. The eye tells us where to pause, what to emphasize, when to raise or drop the tone, and

thus enables the voice to make the proper pauses, distribute the needful emphasis, and, by an appeal to the listener's ear, play in a thousand ways on his feelings. Therefore, when we print a piece of Latin prose in sense-lines, these lines will have a double function: they will aid the student's eye, and almost *ipso facto*, if he is at all susceptible, attune his voice to the whole gamut of emotion. Perhaps the subjoined colometrization of the opening of the *First Catilinarian* will make my meaning clear.

- a. *Quo usque tandem abutere, Catilina, patientia nostra?*
- b. *quam diu etiam furor iste tuus nos eludet?*
- c. *quem ad finem sese effrenata iactabit audacia?*
- d. *Nihilne te nocturnum praesidium Palati,*
- e. *nihil urbis vigiliae,*
- f. *nihil timor populi,*
- g. *nihil concursus bonorum omnium,*
- h. *nihil hic munitissimum habendi senatus locus,*
- i. *nihil horum ora vultusque moverunt?*
- j. *Patere tua consilia non sentis?*
- k. *constrictam iam horum omnium scientia
[teneri coniurationem tuam non vides?]*
- l. *Quid proxima, quid superiore nocte egeris,*
- m. *ubi fueris,*
- n. *quos convocaveris,*
- o. *quid consili ceperis,*
- p. *quem nostrum ignorare arbitraris?*

The eye perceives, first of all, a set of three questions, *a*, *b*, *c*, of nearly equal length. This equality of length in phrases, clauses, or sentences is the figure of isocolon ("equal *cola* or members"), and was much affected by ancient writers.¹⁰ Each question asks the same thing in different words, and we see this borne out by the initial phrases, *quo usque*, *quam diu*, *quem ad finem*, which express the same thought. This repetition of similar words or phrases in initial position is a variety of epanaphora ("repetition"). Then we notice the alliteration in the *qu*-sound. Again, there is the shifting position of the verb in each question, another matter that can be seen. Moreover, since the *quam* in *b* and the *quem* in *c* are not capitalized, and especially since the trio of questions appears in solid printing, the eye sees at once that the question-marks after *nostra* and *eludet* cannot have the same emotional value as that after *audacia*; consequently, the pauses to be made in reading the questions aloud must be perceptibly shorter after *nostra* and *eludet* than at the end of the period.

There follows a series of six short *cola* (*d-i*), each prefaced by the word *nihil*. This is epanaphora strictly so-called. Another important item is the varying length of these *cola*; but more than this, we see without much difficulty that they readily fall into three pairs, each pair conveying the same general notion. *Praesidium* prepares us for *vigiliae*; *timor* shows itself in *concursus*; and the *ora hominum* are in *hic locus*. Ancient rhetoric was fond of arranging words or phrases in pairs. The alliteration in *nihil* (*n*), and the double alliteration in *nihilne te nocturnum* (*n*) *praesidium Palati* (*p*) are also evident. In the next pair of questions it is not difficult to see, or at least to suspect, that the *non vides* will be a rhetorical enforcement of the preceding *non sentis*.

Lastly there is a powerful phalanx of indirect questions presented in very brief, and presumably pointed, sentences. Note the variety of situations expressed in *quid*, *ubi*, *quos*, *quid*, *quem*. Very conspicuous to the eye is the rime (or *homoeoteleuton*: "words ending similarly") in *egeris* and the following subjunctives. Most conspicuous is the sudden change from *-eris* to *-aris* (*arbitraris*).

Thus far the student's eye, and consequently his understanding of the passage, have been helped by its presentation in thought-units. Now picture to yourself the interior of the Temple of Iuppiter Stator at the foot of the Palatine; without is the fear-stricken populace; within, at one end of a tier of seats, is Catiline, alone, an outcast; at the other, the senators are in an attitude of disdain. And last of all there is Cicero, silent perhaps for a moment before venting his anger on the audacious criminal before him.

With this mental setting, in this atmosphere, *tolle, lege*—do justice to the spirit of the occasion and read aloud the opening of the *First Catilinarian*, trying to feel as Cicero may, or rather must, have felt at the time. Express your feeling in your voice. Your preliminary and indispensable visual analysis of the passage has put you in possession of the key to its tremendous emotion. Emotion, which only the living voice can portray adequately, burns in each of the opening questions, forges them into a single mass, and makes of them, three though they be, one emotional period. If you give your voice a tone of finality anywhere in the passage except after *audacia*, there is something wrong with your interpretation. You will, of course, pause after *nostra*, and again after *eludet*, but your pause will be a "suspension of breath" (Quintilian) rather than a full stop. And while your voice trembles with emotion, you will find all the rhetorical items mentioned before (such as iso-colon, alliteration, and the rest) to be the most natural thing in the passage; they are there to add their emotional effect to the already crushing thought of the passage. It is clear, also, why Cicero shifted the position of the verb in the trio of questions. We must take for granted that he did it for the sake of rhythm and euphony.

A note of incredibility will run through your six-fold repetition of *nihil*: Cicero seems to wonder how a human being can be so wicked and unfeeling. In passing from one pair of *cola* to the following, there is a crescendo of emotion, owing to the increased importance of the ideas expressed therein. A new accent is heard in *patere*, one almost of pity for a man of such dull understanding. Variety of length in successive *cola*, moreover, is ever welcome as a means of killing monotony. A pleasant sense of relief is felt in the change from the repeated *-eris* to the final and much more sonorous *arbitraris*. One great source of delight, not specially insisted upon in this paper, would be the haunting music of certain favored combinations of long and short syllables at the end of colon, clause, or period. "These musical cadences," says Professor Moore, "following the less

measured movement of the preceding words, may be compared with the closing notes of a chant."¹¹

But enough. We are merely skimming the surface. Rhetoric does not reveal completely the hidden springs of Ciceronian speech. The style, here as elsewhere, is the man.¹² And yet some of the best things in Latin literature are steeped in rhetoric. Why it should be so, is a question that need not concern us here. Enough, for the present, that it is so. The way to enter the sanctuary seems to have been pointed out to us, once for all, by Quintilian: "Nothing can enter the heart that stumbles at the threshold of the ear." To us, sentence structure and figures of speech will forever be the gate by which we must enter. Now, the advantage of sense-lines is in the fact that they, perhaps better than any other method of reading, point out sentence structure and figures of speech, in a word, all that goes under the name of rhetoric. As to the necessity of vocal reading in the classroom, in trying to appreciate Latin literature, there can be no mistake. Our average high school students are loath to admit the presence of feeling in the Latin prose they read; they think it is insincerity to express feeling by their voice. Against this attitude, we should arm ourselves with the conviction that, unless we read Latin *ardenter* or with a glow of feeling, we shall hardly read it aright.¹³

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NOTES

- Classical Bulletin*, January 1933, p. 25, "Teaching the *Gallic War* as Caesar Wrote It;" *ib.*, March 1933, p. 47, Notes and Observations on the foregoing article.
- In this paper, the terms "colon" and "colometry" are not taken in their most technical sense, for which see Quintilian IX, iv, 122.
- De oratore*, III, 195: "Si paullum modo offendit, ut aut contractione brevius fieret aut productione longius, theatra tota reclamant."
- Dionysius of Halicarnassus, *De compositione verborum*, 11.
- J. F. D'Alton, *Roman Literary Theory and Criticism*, pp. 234 ff.
- Orations of Cicero*, Introd., xxi.
- Institutio Oratoria*, IX, iv, 10.
- Confessions*, VI, 3.
- S. H. Butcher, *The Originality of Greece*, p. 227.
- A convenient manual of the figures of speech is Sr. Barry's *St. Augustine the Orator*, Cath. Univ. Patristic Studies, 1924.
- Orations*, Introd., xxvii. For the so-called *Clausulae* in the prooemium to the *First Catilinarian*, see Norden, *Die antike Kunstsprosa*, II, 932. With the exception of two or three details, the present arrangement in sense-lines agrees perfectly with Norden's arrangement based on the *Clausulae*.
- Tenney Frank, *Life and Literature in the Roman Republic*, pp. 159 ff.
- St. Augustine, *De Doctrina Christiana*, IV, vii, 21. St. Augustine requires emotional reading of the Scriptures, and shows that emotion may be a factor in proper colometrization. See *Classical Bulletin*, January 1932, p. 29.

If the Incarnation was delayed until a certain date, it was delayed for a purpose—in order that unaided man might first be allowed to see how much he could do for himself and to recognise that it was not enough—and the greatest of pagan souls were, as truly as were the Hebrew prophets, the precursors rather than the enemies of the Faith.—Christopher Hollis

